

The Columbus Democrat.

H. H. WORTHINGTON, Editor.

"A Strict Adherence to the Letter and Spirit of the Constitution--The only Safeguard of the South."

W. H. WORTHINGTON, Publisher.

VOLUME 19,

COLUMBUS, MISSISSIPPI, NOVEMBRE 6, 1852.

NUMBER 16.

THE DEMOCRAT,
IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY
H. H. WORTHINGTON & SON.

Office--South side of Main Street, one door west of the
Eastport Livery Stable, Columbus, Miss.

TERMS:

For the paper, Three Dollars per annum in advance.
Four Dollars if payment is delayed till the end of the
year. No paper discontinued, except at the option of
the publisher, until arrears are paid.
Advertisements at the regular charge, will be one
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POETRY.

To a Girl of Thirteen.

BY WM. SIDNEY WALKER.

Thy steps are dancing toward the bound
Between the child and woman;
And thoughts and feelings more profound,
And other years, are coming;
And thou shalt be more deeply fair,
More precious to the heart;
But never canst thou be again
That lovely thing thou art.

And youth shall pass, with all the brood
Of fancy's affection;
And grief shall come with womanhood,
And weaken cold reflection;
Thou'lt learn to toil, and watch and weep
O'er pleasures unreturning.
Like one who wakes from pleasant sleep
Unto the cares of morning.

—Nay, say not, nor cloud the sun
Of joyous expectation,
Ordained to bless the little one,
The freshening of creation!
Nor doubt that he, who thus doth feed
Her early lamp with gladness,
Will be her present help in need,
Her comfort in sadness.

Smile on, then, little winsome thing!
All rich in Nature's treasure;
Thou hast within thy heart a spring
Of self-renewing pleasure.
Smile on, fair child, and take thy fill
Of mirth, till time shall end it:
Thy Nature's wise and gentle will,
And who shall reprehend it!

Up, Brothers, Up!

BY C. D. STUART.

Up, brothers, up! the light begins
Along the eastern sky,
To promise that the night is past,
And better days are nigh;
A clarion voice rings o'er the hills,
The valleys catch the sound—
And freedom is the stirring cry
That fills the world around!

It pierces through the fading gloom,
Its strength the peasant feels—
And old oppression from its throne
With shame and terror reels;
All men lift up their hearts and hands,
More fearless and more free,
And loud ring out the common shout,
No more we'll bend the knee!

From smithy-forge, from fisher's cot,
From plowman that break the lea,
From iron looms, from smoking mines,
From ships that cleave the sea—
One voice unites, and mightier
Sweeps on, and ever on,
The tyrant's day, the vassal's work,
Are gone, forever gone!

Up, brothers, up! and share the light,
Rejoice the day has come,
When freedom decks the lowest shrine,
And guards the poorest home;
Rejoice, and pledge with strengthening ties
The new-born heart and mind,
To keep the beam and pass it on
To all of human kind.

Rejoice that ye have broke at length
The strong and heavy chain,
Which neither age nor human strength
Can bind ye with again;
Rejoice, and swear ye will not bend,
Nor give the gibe and sneer,
Though glittering steel disputes the way,
And flame is on your track!

SYNOPSIS AND PROFANITY.—In many of the
positions of the Council-General of the French
department, praying that Louis Napoleon, "the sa-
vior of his country," as they say, will consent to
insure its peace and happiness "forever" by assum-
ing the imperial purple, there is that extraordi-
nary amount of adoration usually exhibited in
France towards the idol of the hour which seems
to raise him so high as to leave only a secondary
place for any deity. Thus some time back the
President was saluted with the apostrophe "Thy
kingdom come," and now in the *Univers* there
appears in a criticism on a book recently published
by Frodon, the following passage: "The author
is not content with insulting the clergy, Christian-
ity and God himself. He goes further—he insults
the Emperor and the Empire!"

The new postage stamp envelopes will be put
in circulation about the first of the year. The
Washington Intelligence states that the Post-
master-General has contracted with Mr. George
F. Nesbit of New York, for furnishing the en-
velopes. They will consist of three sizes—note,
letter, and official; and the denominations will be
three, six and twenty-four cents, the latter intend-
ed for foreign correspondence. They will be
self-sealing, and bear a stamp similar in style to
the English stamped envelope, and are expected
to be in all respects equal thereto.

Rail-Roads in the United States.

Mr. Kennedy, the superintendent of the Cen-
sus of the Union, some time since gave a very
valuable paper to the public, on the extension of
rail-roads in the Union. It appears from this that
the number of miles of rail-road in operation in
the United States, January, 1852, was, as nearly
as could be ascertained, 10,800; and the number
of miles in course of construction, according to
the most reliable estimates, nearly 11,000. By
far the greater portion of the lines commenced,
but now incomplete, will be finished within the
ensuing five years. Nearly all the lines in pro-
gress have been begun since the year 1848. It is
supposed that from one thousand to fifteen hun-
dred miles additional to those now known to be
in progress will be put under contract in 1852.

The report says in reference to the present
prospects of American rail-roads and their cost
per mile, that—
"There never existed greater activity in the mak-
ing of rail-roads than at the present time. Many
of the lines projected have taken the place of plans
for the construction of canals and turnpike roads.
Accordingly, these works of public improvement
are not prosecuted with the same ardor and en-
ergy as formerly, although much activity exists in
the construction of plank roads. The labor and
capital which they would require are absorbed in
the numerous and almost colossal rail-roads build-
ing. Since 1848, the extent of rail-road opened
for travel and transportation has nearly doubled,
and there is reason to believe that the increase in
the length of road brought into use will not be
less rapid during the next period of four years.—
By the year 1860 we may expect that the territory
of the United States will be traversed by at
least 30,000 miles of rail-road.

"It is very difficult to form an estimate of the
average expense per mile of building rail-roads
in the United States. In fact, no average can be
assumed as applicable to the whole country.—
The cost in the roads in New England is about
\$45,000 per mile; in New York, Pennsylvania
and Maryland, about \$40,000. But in the interior
of these States the surface of the country is
broken, rendering the cost of grading very heavy;
and near the sea, wide and deep streams interrupt
the line of travel, and make the expense of bridg-
ing a serious item.

In New England, and the more densely in-
habited parts of the old States, from the Atlantic
as in all European countries, the extinguishment
of private titles to the real estate required for rail-
roads, frequently forms a large part of the ex-
penses included in the item of construction. In
the Southern States and the valley of the Missis-
sippi, \$20,000 per mile is considered a safe esti-
mate. There, in most cases, all the lands neces-
sary for the purposes of the companies are given
to them in consideration of the advantages which
private proprietors expect from the location of the
roads in the vicinity of their estates.

In many of the Western States the cost of grad-
ing a long line of road does not exceed \$1,000
per mile—the cost of timber amounting to not-
ing more than the expense of clearing it from the
track. For these reasons the expense of building
rail-roads in the Southern and Western States, is
now much less than it will be when the country
becomes as densely settled as the older States of
the Union.

The central rail-road of Illinois is an enterprise
which furnishes a remarkable example of the en-
ergy and spirit of improvement in the new States.
Illinois was admitted into the confederation as a
new State in 1818, with 39,000 inhabitants. It
has 55,405 square miles of territory, and a popu-
lation, according to the census of 1850 of 851,470.
The central rail-road is to extend from its south-
western extremity, at the confluence of the Missis-
sippi and Ohio rivers, to the north line of the
State, with two diverging branches. The total
length of this road, including the main stem and
branches, is to be 680 miles. The cost is esti-
mated at \$20,000 per mile, or \$13,600,000 for the
entire work. This is the longest continuous line
of road now in contemplation in the United States,
of which there is any probability of speedy com-
pletion. It has been commenced with such facili-
ties for executing the plans of its projectors, that
there is no reasonable doubt that it will be fin-
ished within a few years."

The article is highly interesting throughout,
and valuable for the information it contains.—
From it we glean that the first rail-road put in
operation in this country was built in 1830 for the
transportation of ice from a small lake to the
sea, in the State of Massachusetts. The first im-
portant line was from Charleston, S. C., to Augus-
ta, Ga., a distance of 135 miles. It was begun
in 1830, and completed in 1833, at the astonish-
ing low sum of \$1,300,615, which amount, also,
included the furnishing of the road with engines,
passenger cars, &c. This was the cheapest, and is
now among the most successful roads in the U.
States.

There is a table attached to the report, from
which we learn that Pennsylvania has 1146 miles
of rail-road completed and in actual operation, and
774 miles in construction. As to the capital in-
vested in iron ways throughout the country, there
is no positive data by which the actual amount
can be ascertained, but there is means of forming
an estimate upon which much reliance can be
placed. The rail-roads in operation at the be-
ginning of the present year may be assumed from
this statement to have cost \$438,000,000, which
is a wonderfully small sum compared with the
cost of the same number of miles of road in
England, where the average cost per mile is about
\$160,000.

The longest continuous line of railroad in the
world, and that in the construction of which the
greatest natural obstacles have been overcome, is
that which extends from the Hudson river, through
the southern counties of New York, to Lake Erie.
Its length is 469 miles, and it has branches of an
aggregate additional length of 68 miles. Nearly
its whole course is through a region of mountains.
The bridges by which it is carried over the Dela-
ware and Susquehanna rivers and other streams,
and the viaducts upon which it crosses the valleys
that intercept its route, are among the noblest
monuments of skill to be found in our country.
The most of these works are of heavy masonry,
but one of them is a wooden bridge 184 feet in
height, and having but one arch, the span of which
is 275 feet. One of the viaducts is 1200 feet
long and 110 feet high. The aggregate cost of
this important work was \$23,580,000, and the
expense of construction was \$43,380 per mile.—
The road was originally suggested in 1829, a com-
pany was organized in 1832, surveys were made

in the same year, and operations were begun by
grading a part of the road in 1833. It was fin-
ished in May, 1851, and opened with great cere-
mony for travel and transportation in that month.
The State advanced six millions of dollars towards
the work, and afterwards released the company
from the obligation to pay the loan. It will thus
be seen that the execution of this great improve-
ment was pursued through nineteen years, and it
was not accomplished without calling into requisition
both the resources of the State and the
means of her citizens."

Attempted Flight of the Pope.

The following extraordinary story is told in the
Official Gazette of Savoy:
According to a letter from Genoa, Pius IX. had
actually attempted to make his escape from Porto
Anzio by the impossibility of getting out of the
reach of Captain Olivieri's steamer, which accom-
panied him under the pretext of showing him re-
spect. On the 14th, Gen. Cotte, the Marquis de
Turget, and M. de Ruyssal had waited upon the
Pope at Castle Gandolfo, for the purpose of per-
suading the Holy Father to proceed to Paris in
order to crown Prince Louis Napoleon. The timid
counselors of the Pope at once advised him to
take flight, as he had done in the winter of
1848-9. With his usual weakness, Pius IX., on
the following day, directed his steps to Porto d'An-
zio, where a pontifical steamer was in readiness to
convey him to Naples.

But at Porto d'Anzio it appeared that another
steamer, which plies on the Tiber for the service
of the French division and is commanded by Cap-
tain Olivieri, had accompanied the pontifical one.
How came this steamer, which ought to have
been at Fiumicino, its usual station, to be at
Porto d'Anzio? The Pope and his suite embarked
under pretence of taking a mere pleasure trip,
but the French steamer insisted upon accompany-
ing the Holy Father as an escort of honor. Pius
was entertained that she might be outstripped, so
as to reach Genoa or Naples in safety, but Captain
Olivieri stuck close to the pontifical steamer, so
that the idea of flight was given up. The Prince
President, at Lyons, alludes to religious consecra-
tion by the chief of Christianity. It may there-
fore, very well be that General Cotte had received
such a mission, and that the counselors of the
Pope had advised him to take to flight.

Our Country.

In 1792 the corner-stone of the present Capitol
at Washington was laid. At that time, Gen.
Washington, in whose honor the new seat of gov-
ernment was named, officiated. Fifty-eight years
afterwards, viz: on the 4th day of July, 1851,
the corner-stone of an extension of the building was
laid, and the Secretary of State made an address,
in the course of which he presented a sketch of
the comparative condition of our country at the
two periods.

Then we had fifteen States, now we have thirty-
one.

Then our whole population was three millions
now it is twenty-three.

Then Boston had 18,000 people, now it has over
137,000.

Philadelphia had 43,000, now it has 400,000.

New York had 33,000, now it has 515,000.

Then our imports were \$21,000,000, now they
are \$178,000,000.

Then our exports were \$26,000,000, now they
are 151,000,000.

The area of our territory was then 800,000 square
miles, it is now 3,390,000.

Then we had no railroads, now we have 8,500
miles of railroads.

Then we had 200 post-offices, now we have
21,000.

Our revenue from postage then was \$100,000,
now it is \$5,000,000.

These are only a few facts to show the rapid
growth of the country; and what we and our chil-
dren have to do to secure the continuance of our
prosperity, is to love, fear and obey the God of
our fathers; to avoid intemperance, pride, contention,
and greediness of gain; and cherish in all our hearts
a true patriotism, and a just sense of our obligation
to those that shall come after us.

The Mysterious Prophet.

The sensitiveness of the American public in
all that relates to their politics was amusingly il-
lustrated not long since at one of Professor An-
derson's entertainments. The Professor has a
glass bell, which, in reply to questions propound-
ed, makes answer by so many sounds as there are
letters in the word necessary to express the re-
sponse required. As might be expected, the ques-
tion was asked, who will be our next President?
Before the bell indicated, three candidates were
suggested by the audience—Pierce, Scott and Web-
ster. The answer, if in favor of the first named
to be by six rap; if the second, by five; and the
third, by seven. This arrangement being under-
stood, a breathless interest awaited the result. Tap
went the bell five times, and a portion of the au-
dience was about to applaud vociferously for Scott
when an additional stroke was hesitatingly given,
and the shout came with a roar from the other
portion. Cries of "not fair," "humbug," &c., suc-
ceeded, interspersed with clapping and shouting.
The Professor, willing to humor his audience,
went through the experiment again, when, with
more decision, the bell gave out six clear unmis-
takable raps for Pierce. Forthwith the bones and
a portion of the harpist's head, and exclaimed
"Prejudice," "Locofoco," &c., while the up-
per lips and residues of the pit shouted "Good!"
"That's the boy for us!" amid hearty applause.
The Professor only allayed the storm by asserting
solemnly that he was no politician, knowing nei-
ther Whigs nor Democrats, &c.; but it was some
time before the audience was brought to its pre-
vious equanimity.

PRESIDENT BEE.—Salt a piece of the thin part of
the flanks, the tops of the ribs, or a piece of the
brisket, with salt and saltpetre, for five days. Boil
until very tender, then place between two boards,
with a heavy weight upon the top one, and let it
remain until cold. Serve it as it is, and garnish
it with parsley.

The words of a German author to his daughter
are so full of wisdom that the young lady who
should make them her rule would avoid half the
scraps of her companions: "Converse always
with your female friends as if a gentleman were
of the party, and with young men as if your fe-
male companions were present."

[From the Dublin Nation, of September 25.]

The Lone Star.

The fairest and most fertile of the West Indian
Islands has been in the grasp of Spain since the
year 1511. Like Ireland, the Queen of the An-
tilles has groaned under the oppression and rap-
acity of the mother country since Spanish colo-
nists first settled on her soil. Used as a maritine
garrison, to guard the Spanish possessions in the
Gulf of Mexico, Cuba was deprived of all rights
commercial and legislative, and lay upon the sea
in gripping poverty and dependence, without a pri-
vilege or aspiration, till 1788. In that year, a dread-
ful calamity assailed her population to unusual en-
gry, and opened to her a narrow pathway which
has slowly opened wider and wider, till she can
now see a clear road to speedy deliverance. The
famine of that year was so great that the Spanish
Sovereign, Charles the Third, was compelled to
abrogate the monopoly of Cuban trade, enjoyed
by the lordly merchants of Cadiz and Seville, and
extend it to thirteen ports of his kingdom. He
did this rather than meet the distress of the colony
out of the "imperial resources." Commerce
then gradually grew up, and the white population
in fourteen years, multiplied from 90,000 to 1,300,000.
Some runaway slaves from San Diego took to
coffee planting in the northern districts of the
island, and the manufacture grew rapidly into im-
portance, despite of the discouragement and jealousy
of the mother country. Almost every com-
modity necessary for life was imported from Spain
under enormous duties, and Cuba loyally paid
these rascally imports till '93, when a blockade of
the vessels of France completely cut off all such
supplies.

This caused another breach in the jealous re-
strictions of Spain. The people insisted that the
Colonial Government should open the ports to the
ships of neutral States. The Havana became com-
municated with foreign bottoms; and the audacious
colonists got plenty to eat, and were much more
content from that day forward. Agriculture was
improved, and immense tracts of land, which un-
der the ban of the crown had laid idle, were cul-
tivated with success. These acts of legislative in-
dependence were visited by imperial anger in 18-
01. But the insubordinate Spaniards refused to
annul their own acts in self-government. And Spain,
the haughty and vindictive, held her blows.
The courage of despair defied the royal authority
of Madrid.

King Ferdinand the Seventh did a very wise
thing in 1812. He saw there was no use in bul-
lying any longer; so he took to petting, and con-
ferred on the island the privilege of a representa-
tion in the Spanish Chamber of Deputies. A
very sagacious, determined Cuban-Spaniard, from
some of the hot blood of the Hidalgo under his
diplomatic bearing, Senor Arango, fought the bat-
tles of negotiation for the colony at the Court till
1811, when all restrictions on Cuban commerce
were removed. Her traffic became world-wide;
her coffee, sugar, and tobacco, brought high pri-
ces in the markets of England, America, Russia,
and Germany. Her mines of gold, silver, and
copper were worked by adventurous capitalists,
and her prosperity became almost fabulous. What
had lately been a wailing island dependency
blossomed like a sea paradise.

The mother country—how much alike, to be
sure, are the acts of all these maternal guardians—
began to thirst for the new and the rich blood
injected into her prosperous subject. She taxed
her for love of her; and coolly pocketed as her
share of the spoil three millions of dollars out of
the fifteen millions revenues which Cuba produced,
besides exacting the profits pay bestowed on
her Executive. She sent to govern her a semi-
military political Viceroys, with a train of rapa-
cious officers and administrators. She snarped
all the government, and, in a word, followed the
illustrations and constitutional precedent of "Eng-
land-in-Ireland." She deprived her of her repre-
sentation in the Chamber of Deputies in 1823,
and delegated her authority in full to an irrespon-
sible and necessary brood of foreigners, to rob,
harass, plunder, and insult at her "imperial" will.
Of course she conferred upon her a standing army
to maintain "law and order," (and made her pay
through the nose for it,) and gradually concentra-
ted the power of the local administration in the
person of her deputy, who has absolute power
over life and death. The white inhabitants are
in the most abject political servitude. They have
not the smallest share in the government; and
dare not meddle in the "management of their
own affairs." Blessed with large fortunes, they
send their sons and daughters to the schools of
Paris and New York to receive the highest edu-
cation, and see them return to their country,
enlightened by education and travel, to succumb to
their own political and social vices, and to degrade
and rob them.

The proud blood of Spain flowing in the veins
of the colonists has often glowed at all these injus-
tices. They cannot comprehend why their glorious
island should be a "petting province" to a dis-
tant and tyrannical government. They think, oh,
monstrous inequality! that the dominion of their
country should rest in themselves. And so for
twenty years they have speculated on "repelling
the Union" by the moral force of their strong
right-arms. From Havana, Santiago, and Trin-
dad, to the Copper Mountains, "Young Cuba" has
been propagating revolution doctrines, and prepar-
ing to snap the golden link of the Crown.

In 1827 they asked England to guarantee her
protection and they would proclaim their inde-
pendence and abolish slave trade. But England
the hypocrite, talked of international treaties and
the rights of property, and took to scourging and
plundering her own Cuba, nearer at home. And
so Cuba looked about her for an ally, and she
has found a right sturdy one at last. She has
given her heart and soul to America. And soon
the Lone Star will burn in the constellation of the
States.

Cuba tried a chance a year ago, and failed. She
had her "748" in 1851, when Lopez, the brave and
hapless, had his neck broken in her cause.
She looks to "Surrender" this time. It is
no petty piracy that she hopes in. A great or-
ganization, which includes, besides the fifteen hun-
dred American volunteers who are armed in her
battle, the leading citizens of her own land, and
is consecrated by the blessings and prayers of her
whole population, has undertaken her deliverance.

"Where there's a will there's a way," says a
venerable proverb, and neither America nor Cuba
want that will. Washington will not hesitate on
account of the menaces of Madrid.

The persons present were Mrs. Fletcher Web-
ster, Mr. and Mrs. Paige, Mr. Appleton, Mrs.
Downey, Mr. Leroy, Edward Curtis, Peter Har-
vey, George T. Curtis, Charles Thomas, George
J. Abbott, W. C. Zantinger, Dr. Jeffries, Dr. J.
Mason Warren, and the personal attendants and
domestics of the dying man.

Mrs. Webster was unable to witness the sol-
emn scene, and withdrew from the room. When
death had done its work, she re-entered the cham-
ber and bending over the lifeless form, gave vent
to her grief in the most agonizing, heart-rending
tones.

England is horrified at the greedy appetite of
America. She groans over this "piracy" in the
Caribbean sea; and looks anxiously at Jamaica,
fearing that it will be also annexed, (and, if it
were worth it, it might.) Mexico, it is plain, will
speedily fall into the lap of the States. Canada
is ripe and loose on the branch. Johnathan Wild
is shocked. He has only helped himself to South
Africa, Hong Kong half of India, and Ionian Is-
lands, the Australians, the Carribee Islands, Can-
ada, and Ireland; and the young giant, America,
is striding on to universal dominion in the west-
ern hemisphere. Ah, Mr. Wild, "things isn't
now as they used to was!" Look out for squalls,
old boy. You have fed too luxuriously, and bot-
tled whole nations in your gluttony, and it seems
to us your constitution is giving way. Spare
diet and tranquillity are the best nurses of old
age. Beware of apoplexy.

The Last Moments of Mr. Webster.

We collect from different papers the follow-
ing last moments of Mr. Webster. His last hours
were entirely calm.

During the early part of the 23rd inst, there
was some decrease in the dropsical swelling of
the abdomen, and there were fewer symptoms of
nausea, but there was no sign of rallying.

Repeatedly in the course of the forenoon and
the early part of the afternoon, he conversed freely
with great clearness of detail, relative to his
private affairs and the condition of his farm. He
stated fully his plans concerning it, and the manner
in which he wished them carried out.

About half-past 5 o'clock, in the afternoon, Mr.
Webster was seized with a violent nausea, and
threw up a considerable quantity of dark matter,
tinged with blood.

Exhaustion now increased rapidly, and the
physicians held another consultation, which result-
ed in the conclusion that the last hour of the
great statesman was fast approaching.

He received the announcement with calmness,
and requested that the female members of his
family should be called in.

Mrs. Webster, Mrs. Fletcher Webster, Mrs. J.
W. Paige and Mrs. Downs entered the sick room.
To each, calling them by name, individually,
Mr. Webster addressed a few words of farewell
and religious consolation.

Next, at his desire, the male members of his
family and those of his personal friends who had
been with him during his illness, viz: Fletcher
Webster, his son-in-law, J. W. Paige, George F.
Curtis, Edward Curtis, of New York, Peter Har-
vey and Charles Henry Thomas, of Marshfield,
and Messrs. George J. Abbott and W. C. Zantinger,
both of the U. S. State Department at
Washington, were then called in.

Addressing each of these gentlemen by name,
Mr. Webster referred to his past relations with
them respectively, and then bade them, one by
one, an affectionate farewell. This was about
half-past 6 o'clock in the evening. Mr. Webster
then had Mr. Harvey called in again and said to
him:

"Harvey, I am not so sick, but that I know
you—I am well enough to know you!—I am
well enough to call down the richest blessings of
Heaven upon you. Harvey, don't leave me till
I am dead!—Don't leave Marshfield till I am a
dead man!"

Then, as if speaking to himself, he said:

"On the 24th of October all that is now mortal
of Daniel Webster will be no more!"

He now prayed in his natural, usual voice—
strong, full and clear—ending with:

"Heavenly Father, forgive my sins, and receive
me to thyself, through Christ Jesus!"

At half-past 6 o'clock, Dr. Warren arrived
from Boston, to relieve Dr. Jeffries as immediate
medical attendant.

Shortly after, Mr. Webster conversed with Dr.
Jeffries, who said he could do nothing more for
him than to administer occasionally a sedative
portion.

"Then," said Mr. Webster, "I am to bear pa-
tiently till the end. If it be so, may it come
soon!"

Between the hours of 10 and 11 o'clock, he
uttered somewhat indistinctly the words:

"Post—poetry! Gray!—Gray!"

Mr. Fletcher Webster repeated the first line of
Gray's Elegy in a Churchyard:

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,"

"That's all that's left!" said Mr. Webster.

The Book was brought and some stanzas of
the elegy read, which seemed to afford Mr. Web-
ster much pleasure.

From 12 o'clock midnight until 2 A. M. he
was very restless, but did not suffer much. The
physicians were quite confident that he was not
in bad pain.

A faintness now came over him, which led him
to think that his death was at hand. While in
this condition some expression fell from him, in-
dicating the hope that his mental faculties would
remain with him until the last moment. He
spoke of the difficulty of the process of dying.

Dr. Jeffries repeated the verse from scripture:
"Though I walk through the valley of the shadow
of death, I will fear no evil. Thou art with
me; thy rod, thy staff, they comfort me."

Mr. Webster said immediately:

"The fact! the fact! That is what I want 'thy',
rod, thy staff—"

Arounding at 10 o'clock from his lethargy, his
eye flashed with its usual brilliancy, and he ex-
claimed: "I still live!"

He then sank into tranquil unconsciousness, his
breathing became fainter, and he expired so
peacefully that his friends and attendants were
unaware of the precise moment when his spirit
took flight.

He lingered on until twenty minutes to 3
o'clock when death called the great DANIEL
WEBSTER to his reward in another world.

The closing scene was perfectly tranquil and
easy.

It is impossible to depict the scene: it was one
that can never be forgotten by all who witness-
ed it.

The countenance of the deceased has some-
what changed, but the characteristic expression
of the great man is as strong in death as in life.

His request was that his funeral should be pri-
vate. He will be interred to-day in the town of
Marshfield.

The Supply of Cotton.

"A Liverpool Merchant" has the following re-
marks in the *London Times*:

Your leading article on the increase of the man-
ufacturing power now in progress in Lancashire
and our neighborhood has been perused by the
commercial community of this town with all the
care and attention which your remarks always
merit.

While you successfully rebut the opinions
which